

The *Spanish* L A D Y ' s Love To an English Captain.



WILL you hear of a Spanish Lady,
How she woo'd an Englishman,
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Deck'd with Jewels she had on :
Of a comely countenance,
And Grace was she ;
By birth and parentage
Of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her
In his hands her life did lie ;

Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the linking of the eye.
In his courteous company
Was all her Joy,
To favor him in any thing
She was not coy.

But at length there came commandment,
For to set all Ladies free,
With their Jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this Lady mild,
Ah ! woe is me !
O let me still enjoy
My kind Captivity.

Gallant Captain, take some pity
On a woman in Distress ;
Leave me not within this City
For to die in heaviness :
They have set this very day
My body free ;
Yet my heart in prison still
Remains with thee.

Why should'st thou fair Lady love me,
Who's declar'd thy nation's foe ?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee,
Serpents lie where flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
O most valiant Knight,
I wish the same on me
May freely light.

Blessed be the time and season,
When you came on Spanish ground.
If that ye may foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have ye found.
Within the city ye have won
Our hearts each one ;

Then to your country bear away
What is your own.

Rest you still, you gallant Lady,
Rest you still and weep no more;
Of fair Flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield ye wonderous store.
Spaniards fraught with Jealousy,
We most often find;
But Englishmen throughout the world
Are counted kind.

Leave me not under a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am loving, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert.
Still to court thee day and night,
My mind is prest,
The wife of every Englishman
Is surely blest.

It would be a shame fair Lady,
For to bear a woman hence,
English soldiers never carry
Such away without offence.
I will straightway change myself,
And if it be so,
I like a page will follow thee,
Wherefoe'er ye go.

I have neither gold nor silver,
For to maintain you in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
Which you know in every place:
My chains and Jewels every one,
Shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold,
Which lies unknown.

On the seas are many dangees,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to Ladies fatal,
And force the tears from their eyes.
Well in truth I shall endure
The utmost extremity;
For I could find in my heart to lose
My life for thee.

Courteous Lady leave this folly,

Here comes all that breeds this strife,
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I would not falsify my word
For gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames
Which are in Spain.

O how happy is that woman,
Who enjoys so true a friend,
Many days I pray God send her,
Thus of my suit I make an end.
On my knees I do pardon crave,
For this my offence,
Which love and true affection
Did the first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold,
All my Jewels in like sort
Take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife,
But not for me.

I'll spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy,
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company.
But ere my prayers have an end,
Be thou sure of this,
To pray for thee and thy Lady
I will not miss.

Thus farewell thou gallant captain,
Farewell to my hearts content,
Count no Spanish Ladies wanton,
Tho' to thee my heart was bent.
All Joy and true prosperity,
Remain with thee,
The like thereof fall to thy share,
Most fair Lady.

Printed and Sold at the Printing Office, in Bow,
Church-Yard, London.